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with agility and voracity, stings you awake. But worst of all, your sleepless Italian, with never-ending cries and quarrels, makes the whole night hideous. If barking dogs won't bite, then Italians will never fight. They are the dirtiest, handsomest, laziest of laughing, crying mortals. They are guiltless of modesty, impervious to smells, unconscious of dirt and oblivious of any peculiarities of others, but their own. Donkey-driving, basket-weaving, fish-selling, but even compound adjectives give out! See Pompeii and reflect. See Naples, and—well—the proverb says “die;” but I would say, live to wonder that the Creator ever made a place so lovely, and a people so various. It is safe to say no city, unless it may be Constantinople, presents contrasts so striking and instructive. If in any place one would willingly never sleep, it is among the indescribable people and scenes of Naples. I would rather have missed seeing any other city of Europe—London, or Venice itself. R. B. H.

THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Close his eyes ; his work is done !
What to him is friend or foe-man,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor ;
Let him sleep in solemn night ;
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley !
What to him are all our wars —
What, but death-bemocking folly ?
Lay him low, lay him low
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know ;
Lay him low.

“WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

We are reluctant to believe that the world is getting worse, much more are we in any wise to cease efforts to make the world better, but the present condition of the world staggers our faith in the statement that the present days are better than the former days. It is facts that stagger our faith.

1. The number of big and little thieves, and robbers.
2. The desertion of the field and farm for something else—almost anything rather than cut, dig, plough and haul on a farm, thus abandoning the virtues of industry and frugality.
3. The number of murders and the acquittal of the same in and by the courts, and thus cheapening human life.
4. The number of suicides.
5. The number of insane persons.

6. The number of incendiaries.
7. The number of men that go armed, prepared to kill.
8. The cultivation of the military spirit in schools and otherwise.
9. The enormous standing armies of Eastern nations, and the amazing folly of the United States Congress in resolving on a naval outfit that will equal if not surpass that of any other nation that is represented on the waters on earth.

10. The power of money as manifested in law, and in secular and religious operations. Is it not true that in the present day more than ever before in churches and in states, “money answereth all things.”

Now let the reader insert the words, *increased and increasing* after “The,” the first word in each of the foregoing paragraphs and he will more fully get our meaning.

While these facts confront the patriots, philanthropists and the more godly people of the countries, there should be no slackness of effort to stop the world in its downward course and turn it in the ways of truth, righteousness, mercy and peace.—*Christian Neighbor*.

WHAT LIVINGSTONE OPENED AFRICA TO.

A few years ago, in a lonely hut in Central Africa, a worn-out man died upon his knees, praying in the fervor of a consecrated, loyal soul, “Oh, let Thy kingdom come!” He had opened, he thought, the great, Dark Continent to the onward march of Christian civilization and the light of God's truth. Christendom shouted for joy and the procession started across the sea.

Watch it. One missionary, 70,000 gallons of rum ; one missionary, 70,000 gallons more of rum ; another missionary, another 70,000 gallons ; and so on and on it goes, rum and missionaries, missionaries and rum. Thus we touch the great Congo state. Watch again. One convert to Christ, a hundred drunkards ; one more ; a hundred more. The missionary's heart grows sick, it cries out, ‘Oh, Christians at home, for the love of Christ, stop the rum!’ But, as the climate does its exhaustive work, and one by one the brave workers sink beneath the burning sun, hearts at home are discouraged, and the next ship goes only with rum—without the missionary.

Under the madness of intoxicating liquors sent from Massachusetts, two hundred of those people (of Congo) slaughtered each other in a single day. Again we are told of a single gallon of this drink causing a fight in which fifty were killed. Judas sold his Lord for seven-teen dollars, but America hurries fifty souls to the bar of God for ninety cents.—*M. E. Stewart*.

THE COLLEGE MISSIONARY MOVEMENT.

Up to December 10th, 4632 students in American colleges had expressed their willingness to go as missionaries to foreign fields. Of these 78 per cent. are men, 22 per cent. women, 35 per cent graduates, 27½ per cent. are Presbyterians, 18 per cent. Congregationalists, 14 per cent. Methodists, 11½ per cent. Baptists. Forty denominations are represented. If these Evangelists scatter throughout the world the doctrines of Christ set home by the Holy Spirit, hope will become fruition :—

Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.